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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

SCOTTISH WESTERN ISLANDS.

A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, including the Isle of Man: comprizing an account of their geological structure; with remarks on their agriculture, scenery, and antiquities. By John Macculloch, M. D. Edinburgh and London, 1819, 8vo. et 4to. 3 vols.

Dr. Macculloch, whose scientific labours have raised him to so high a place in public estimation, has here presented us with a very valuable work;—local it is true, but so enriched with observations on its principal subject, geology, universally applicable: and varied so ably with general remarks on matters of common interest, that we often forget both its locality and geological nature, and expatiate as freely as agreeably on the topics introduced to relieve the dryness of theoretical disquisition.

Were we to enter upon the particular science treated of with so much intelligence in these pages, it would lead us into a field, if not too unattractive to the majority of our readers, at any rate too extensive for our limits. We must, therefore, (certainly not paying the author the respect which his geological attainments merit) beg permission to over-leap the primary, and devote our notice to the secondary parts, of his literary structure.

It is strange to say, but it is notoriously true, that many of the islands of Scotland are less known to the public, than the islands in the South Sea. We do not mean to state that those which Dr. M. chiefly visited come entirely under this description; but there are others, towards the north, than which the Eskimaux in Baffin's Bay, are more our acquaintance than their natives, and the customs, habits, and manners of Labrador, more familiar to us than theirs are. There are at this hour subjects of George the Third, in the British dominions, living in a condition of wildness, ignorance, and barbarism, a genuine description of whom would astonish their fellow subjects, even in the

highlands of Scotland, and be looked upon as wholly the creation of romance in the southern parts of the kingdom. We may hereafter take an opportunity of giving a glance far beyond the *Ultima Thule*; and if we are enabled to do so, we may promise our readers a treat as curious as unexpected. But it is time to return to Dr. M.; and we accordingly make a few selections from the miscellaneous matter to which he has resorted, to break the uniformity of his general design. The following account of the small islands of Mingula and Bernera, which he could not reach from Viteria, is characteristic.

Some future geologist will perhaps fill up the blank which I have unwillingly left, if indeed there be any thing in those two islands but what I have conjectured to exist. He will be fortunate if he is not compelled to leave much unseen, and to supply somewhat from conjectures. Though like the philosopher in *Rasselas* he were to find the winds and waves obedient to his word, he would still have much to encounter. He cannot ride in a land without roads, since his horse can neither tread the bogs, nor scale the rocks. Though he may walk with the strength of Anteus, and like the Arab live on the "chameleon's diet" it will avail him little, unless with the wild duck, the proper tenant of this amphibious region, he can also traverse the lakes and swim the friths. The dependance which he may place on the maritime habits of the islands will be overthrown at every step by the mis-arrangements common in this country, which display so strikingly some of the characteristics of the Highlander; an almost unsurmountable indolence, and a content which is either satisfied with an expedient or submits to inconveniences of its own creating as if they were part of the necessary career of his life. Poverty is not always the cause of these inconveniences. If the poor fisherman has no rudder to his boat, no yard to his mast, or no sheet to his sail, his richer neighbour is often equally in want of them. He who has traversed these islands will easily recognise the truth of the subjoined picture.

It was settled in the evening that we should visit Barra Head on the following morning. Unfortunately the land's only boat had been left on the beach without an anchor a few days before, whence it was carried away by the tide and dashed to pieces. But there was an expedient at hand, as there was another boat in the island, and it was borrowed for the occasion. In the morning, when ready to embark, it was discovered that the

borrowed oars had been negligently left on the beach on the preceding evening, and had like the former boat been carried away by the tide. There was now a boat, but there were no oars. Oars could be borrowed, somewhere: they would be ready at some time in the day; at twelve or one o'clock; it would not be many hours too late; we could only be benighted in returning. By the time the oars had been sent for, it was discovered that the boatmen and servants were all absent cutting peat in a neighbouring island. But it was possible to find another expedient for this, by procuring some of the islanders. A messenger was accordingly sent for four men. In the meantime the borrowed oars of one fisherman were fitted to the borrowed boat of another, but alas! all the islanders were absent making kelp. Thus the day was spent in arranging expedients and in removing obstacles. Thus is life spent in the Highlands, and thus will it be spent by him who trusts to Highland arrangements for the accomplishment of his objects.

At South Uist the author observes, that—

There is a sort of cultivation occasionally seen on the sea-shores of the Highlands at which a stranger will be much surprised. Sea-weed is strewn on the shingle above the high water mark, and on it is sown barley (bar). As it disappears during the growth of the corn, the crop is in harvest time seen covering a surface of pure rounded pebbles of quartz or granite without a vestige of soil.

His account of the kelp manufacture at North Uist, contains novel information.

Having mentioned the kelp of Loch Madry, I may extend the remarks on this manufacture for a few lines; since it is almost the only one which may be said to exist in the islands, and since its establishment, although but recent, has made so material an addition to the value of these estates, and to the demand for labour. The total produce of the Western islands in kelp varies from 5000 to 6000 tons, of which two thirds are the produce of the Long Island; the result of its highly indented shores, and of the consequent extent of surface, as well as of the superior tranquillity of the waters in which the plants grow. The variations in the price of this article, resulting from the varying competition of foreign commerce, are very considerable; and as the total expense of manufacture has been estimated on an average at 5l. per ton, a considerable deduction must, in calculating the profit, be made from the market price, which at the time of my last

visit was 10%.* A great increase in the supply of foreign barilla, or the discovery of the long attempted problem to decompose sea salt by a cheap process, would destroy this most precarious source of profit; since the interests concerned in it are too few, and the total advantages too insignificant, to claim the protection of restrictive laws. In general, it may be remarked, that the kelp is reserved by the proprietor, and manufactured on his account; a very questionable piece of policy in some points of view. A large portion of the population is employed for the three summer months in the manufacture, which is so laborious and severe as to have no parallel in this country; certainly at least not at the same rate of wages. This labour has been called compulsory, and in one sense it may be considered a servitude, since it is generally the condition of tenure and either the whole or a portion of the rent by which the tenant holds his farm. If he were a free labourer, it is often said, he would not engage in so disagreeable a task. But this, although abstractedly a painful view, is a false one, and is unjust as it regards the proprietors of estates; though casual visitors may be sometimes inclined to think that Highland proprietors have not yet forgotten their ancient habits of unrestricted sovereignty.

As far as relates to the details of this manufacture, they seem to have been for some years past in a state of rapid improvement, and to have attained on many of the estates, in consequence of the attention of the proprietors or their agents, all the perfection of which they are susceptible. The time occupied in it, as I before remarked, is about three months, namely June, July, and August. Drift weed, thrown on the shores by storms, and consisting chiefly of *Fucus digitatus* and *saccharinus*, is used to a certain extent when fresh and uninjured, but the greater part is procured by cutting other plants of this tribe at low water.† The differences in the declivity of the shores therefore, as well as in their linear extent, and the greater or less rise of the tide, together with more or less shelter from the prevalent surge, constitute the chief bases of the variations of a kelp estate. Soda is well known to abound most in the hardest *Fuci*, the *serratus*, *digitatus*, *nodosus*, and *vesiculosus*. On some estates they are cut biennially, on others once in three years, nor does it seem to be ascertained what are the relative advantages or disadvantages of these different practices. The weed is burnt in a coffer of stones, a construction which, however rude it may

* That price has occasionally varied even to 20%, causing differences of serious amount in the value of these estates.

† The method of landing the weed after cutting is simple and ingenious. A rope of heath or birch twigs is laid at low-water beyond the portion cut, and the ends are brought up on the shore. At high water, the whole being afloat together, the rope is drawn at each end, and the included material is thus compelled at the retiring tide to settle on the line of high-water mark.

appear, seems fully adequate to the purpose.

Attempts have been made to introduce kilns of a more refined construction, which have failed from the most obvious cause, the expense of fuel necessary for their support; the inventors appearing to have forgotten that the substance in the ordinary mode of treatment formed its own fuel. The number of these fires which during summer are for ever burning along the shores, give an interest and a life to these dreary scenes; recalling to the spectator's mind the activity of society in regions where all other traces of it are nearly invisible. The poet who indulges in visions of the days of old, may imagine the lighting of the war-fires, and fancy he sees the signals which communicated the news of a Danish descent through the warlike clans.

The quantity of seaweed required to make a ton of kelp is estimated, as I have already noticed, at 24 tons, but varies according to the state of its moisture, and hence a conception of the labour employed in this manufacture may be formed, since the whole must be cut, carried on horses, spread out, dried, and stacked, before it is ready for burning.

The following notice of peat occurs in a scientific view of that substance—

As the growth of peat necessarily keeps pace with that of the vegetables from which it is formed, it is evident that the cessation of the one is implied in that of the other. Hence the necessity, now at length understood, of replacing the living turf on the bog whence peat has been cut; a condition now required in all leases where liberty to cut it is included. No vegetable seems willingly to attach itself to pure peat; and thus a bog once bared to a sufficient depth remains naked: where the decomposition is but incipient, the process of vegetation is renewed and continued without difficulty.

Of the antiquities of N. Uist, there are some particulars.

In this island, as in many of the others, are found remains of military works now nearly obliterated. These, according to the predominant custom of the people every where, are called Danish. The most remarkable are situated on small islands in lakes, but they present little but heaps of ruins. One of them which I examined, was connected by a raised causeway with the shore. It has been supposed by some antiquaries that the works situated in islands were actually Danish or Scandinavian, and that they were thus distinguishable from the similar fortresses of the British, which were supposed to be always placed on hills. But it is fruitless to discuss these questions, since not a shadow of evidence can be adduced respecting them.

Numerous barrows are also found in this island, and a group of them is still remaining in one of the sandy tracts of the north western shore, though many have doubtless been either overwhelmed or blown away, in consequence of the continual transference of the loose sand. Similar barrows are known to abound throughout Scotland as well as in

South Britain, although the cairn of stones is, in the former division of the island, more prevalent than the tumulus of earth. Such memorials, on being opened, have generally been found to enclose urns, sometimes further secured in stone chests and containing ashes, as well as trinkets, weapons of war, and other objects of affection or fashion; the burning of the dead appearing to have been a prevalent custom during the ages which preceded the introduction of Christianity. At times entire skeletons have also been discovered in them. Recently, one of the barrows in North Uist was opened during the operations of levelling and clearing some rough ground, and was found to enclose a skeleton in an erect posture. As we have no records of such a practice as the interment of bodies in an erect position, it is probable that this was one of the hiding places which, till lately, are known to have existed in several of the islands. These subterranean apartments were used as places of retreat in cases of sudden invasion, and seem to have varied in construction. Sometimes they were built of stones, being of commodious forms and of considerable capacity: in other cases a cavity in the shape of a well, lined with stone, and adapted to the size of the body has been discovered: while the rudest, to which the one in question seems to have appertained, were mere pits dug in the earth, and covered with turf for the purposes of temporary concealment. The unfortunate Celt above recorded, seems to have perished in his retreat during the heroic times of this envied age.

The intelligence to be acquired by personal inquiry in the Highlands is whimsically painted:—

He that is contented with a first answer in the Highlands will indeed never be at a loss for at least the appearance of information. Unfortunately it will seldom bear a scrutiny, a second question generally rendering void the effect of the first. "How long is this Loch?"—"It will be about twenty mile."—"Twenty miles! surely it cannot be so much."—"May be it will be twelve."—"It does not seem more than four."—"Indeed I'm thinking ye're right."—"Really you seem to know nothing about the matter."—"Troth I canna say I do." This trait of character is universal, and the answer is always so decided, that the inquirer, unless he is a strenuous doubter, is not induced to verify the statement by this mode of cross-examination.

These extracts will afford a general idea of the work before us, at least of its miscellaneous parts. Its geology is ample and minute, and the third volume presents many clever engravings, maps, and illustrations. We may return to the subject; but in case we do not, it is but just to say now, that it is an acquisition of great value to the Scottish scholar, and to science in general.

Cape of Good Hope and its Dependencies.

An accurate and truly interesting description of those delightful Regions, situated 500 miles north of the Cape, &c. By Captain Benjamin Stout, late Commander of the American East Indian, named the *Hercules*, lost on the coast of Caffraria, within a few miles of the river Infanta, where the Grosvenor perished in 1792. Likewise a luminous and affecting detail of Capt. Stout's Travels, &c. &c. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 144.

We have given about half the title-page of this "interesting, luminous, and affecting" work, because it will partially prepare our readers for the hoax that has been played upon us. The labours of Hercules himself are not more fabulous than the labours of Captain Stout of the Hercules East Indian; and we will say, that a more complete piece of waggery was never palmed upon us than this accurate description. For a long time we went on reading a dull, preliminary essay on the expediency of colonizing the Cape; and though we thought the writer a tiresome dog enough, it never crossed our minds, that the facetious rogue was purely in jest, and laughing in his sleeve at us all the while. We began to smell a rat, however, when we found that it was so long ago as 1795, that he was thrown upon the Caffrarian coast; and that, therefore, considering the almost total changes which have since taken place in that settlement, his information could be of no use to persons now wishing to settle or know any thing about the country. Having, by a little further reading, seen clearly into the drift of the joke, we smiled at our previous stolidity, though we still think that the writer did not throw in quite enough of broad humour to render his frolic and fun apparent. Besides, for a piece of wit, the thing is, upon the whole, too grave; and we miss the striking flashes which amuse so much in similar productions; such as *Crusoe*, *Gulliver*, *Munchausen*, *Candide*, &c.: indeed, like the honest man who could never find the kingdom of Lilliput upon the map, though he traced the discoverer's track as carefully as he could, we must confess we were fairly taken in by the heavy verisimilitude of the soi-disant Captain Benjamin Stout.

Another fault of the book is, that it is as ill-written as if an American trader had been, in fact, its author. And another, that its fictions are not well

matched, but form altogether an incongruous mixture of the probable, improbable, and impossible. This want of keeping destroys the general effect, and at times we are inclined to throw that on the fire as a stupid reality, which was menaced with the same fate only a few passages before, for its senselessly extravagant invention.

A short analysis, and some leading extracts, will illustrate our remarks.

The *Hercules*, notwithstanding her "pumps delivered fifty tons of water in an hour," was wrecked as aforesaid; and Captain Stout, by determining, "however painful to his feelings, to have the carpenter thrown into the sea," for beseeching him with tears to leave the ship, prevailed so far as to run her on shore before she went to pieces. After experiencing much fright, he and his crew were hospitably received by the natives, whom he represents as the most amiable of Caffres. The worthy Benjamin (or at any rate, English readers, for whom this invaluable book was made) being naturally anxious to learn something of the fate of Captain Coxson and those unfortunate persons who escaped from the wreck of the Grosvenor, the following is got up as the account given by the natives. We must observe, however, that this melancholy subject is ill chosen for a silly fable.

"They answered, that Captain Coxson and the men were slain. One of the chiefs having insisted on taking two of the white ladies to his kraal, the captain and his people resisted, and, not being armed, were immediately destroyed. The natives, at the same time, gave me to understand, that at the period when the Grosvenor was wrecked, their nation was at war with the colonists; and as the captain and his crew were whites, they could not tell, provided they had reached the christian farms, but they would assist the colonists in the war. This affected my situation so directly, that I desired to know on what terms the Caffrees and the colonists then stood.—'We are friends,' said they, 'and it will be their fault if we are not always so.'"

"This answer relieved me from a very serious embarrassment; but the fate of the two unfortunate ladies gave me so much uneasiness, that I most earnestly requested of them to tell me all they knew of their situation; whether they were alive or dead, and, if living, in what part of the country they were situated. They replied, and with apparent concern, that one of the ladies had died a short time after her arrival at the kraal; but they understood the other was living, and had several children by the chief.—'Where she now is,' said they, 'we know not.'"

We have already noticed, that these savages were the kindest and gentlest of human beings. They had, moreover, incalculable herds of cattle; but somehow or other, Captain Stout does not make his story very consistent in this respect, for he makes the present of a sheep as wonderful an act of gen-

erosity as if his travels were through Lendenhall market; and in truth, he and his companions are almost starved for want of food. They remained with their friends till the wreck was pretty well secured, and were then accommodated with two guides to lead them towards the Dutch settlements. "Our guides (says the Captain) were intelligent, and gave us to understand that we must on no account travel early, as the wild beasts constantly rose with the sun, and then ranged the deserts in quest of their prey. As we were all unarmed, a single lion, leopard, or panther, could have destroyed the most of us. It became, therefore, highly necessary we should not stir until these animals had satisfied their hunger, and were retired for the day."—There is some novelty in this part; and it is gratifying to learn that the noble animals of Africa set so excellent an example of early rising. Fortunate it was, that, by attending to the advice of the wisely unarmed natives, the party (about sixty or seventy in all,) so managed, that every single lion, leopard, and panther, satisfied its hunger before they stirred; and not a beast of 'em eat up the detachment. But it must not be imagined that they escaped without imminent peril.

"No sooner had the sun peeped above the horizon than we were all roused by the tremendous roaring of lions. Never were men in a situation more truly alarming. Had they discovered us during the night, we must have been torn to pieces when sleeping, as not an individual could attend the watch, or keep awake even for an hour. We therefore congratulated one another on finding we had all escaped, and set out about seven in the morning, in company with our guides.

"We soon arrived (continues the Captain) at the bank of a small river, which, being perfectly dry [mirabile dictu!], we crossed without difficulty."

Their next adventure was with a tribe of sulky and sanguinary savages; and as it is a fine specimen of ludicrous-perilous, we copy it. "We were stopped by twelve Caffree men, armed with spears, and clothed in leopard skins. Our guides, alarmed at the appearance of these savages, flew to the banks of the great Fish River; which at that time was not more than two hundred yards from the place where we stood. We repeatedly called to them to return, but in vain; they immediately crossed the bed of the river, which was dry, and, having reached the opposite shore, ascended an adjoining mountain with the utmost precipitation.

"The savages brandished their spears, and appeared by their gestures to menace the destruction of us all. We could not understand what they said; but we supposed they demanded from us whatever articles we possessed; and as these consisted principally of the little stock of provisions we had left, and our clothes, we determined not to part with either.

"One of my people had a knife, which was slung over his shoulder. A Caffree perceiving it, made a snatch at the handle; but the owner resisting, he lost his hold. This so enraged the savage, that he lifted up his

assay with an apparent intention of dispatching the object of his resentment.

"At the moment he stood in this attitude, a more finished picture of horror, or what we understand of the infernal, was perhaps never seen before. The savage wore a leopard's skin; his black countenance bedaubed with red ochre; his eyes, inflamed with rage, appeared as if starting from their sockets; his mouth expanded, and his teeth gnashing and grinning with all the fury of an exasperated demon. At this instant, the *sout ensembles* of the figure would have been a subject highly deserving the pencil of a Raphael!"

"The savage was diverted from his purpose, and dropt the assay. We instantly proceeded to the river, and crossed it in pursuit of our guides. They were standing on the summit of the mountain when we came up, and expressed the utmost satisfaction at our escape. They gave us a terrible description of the people we had just left, and assured us, if the remainder of their horde had not been hunting at the time we got to the Fish River, not a man of us would have survived. Our guides also told us they were the most abominable horde throughout the whole of Caffria."

As in the story of Jack the giant-killer, they went on and on, till one of the guides, who was advanced, roared out in a transport of joy, "I see a Hottentot, attending a flock of sheep." It was the voice of a seraph proceeding from a Caffre. We all ran to the place where he stood, and, at a considerable distance, observed a man attending a flock of at least four thousand. We moved in a body towards the shepherd, who seemed at first to be alarmed; but perceiving we were mostly whites, and unarmed, he stooped until we came up. I requested of him to direct us the nearest way to the first settlement, which he did, and at the same time informed us the proprietor was a good man: the distance, he said, was about three hours.

"At length—ecstatic reflection!—we came within sight of a Christian farm. "Come on, my lads," said I, "we are safely moored at last; and our people in the deserts will be soon relieved." Some tottered as they stood, overcome by joy, and could not move; others appeared as in a trance, until at length about ten followed me, and we entered the house of Jan Du Pliesies."

Our readers cannot but be enchanted that we have brought Captain Stout in safety through his dangers. He now jogged gently on from one Dutch planter's to another; and, as if the joy at his escape from the lions and the "Boshismans," had turned his brain a little, he *reunders* more in his mind than in his route. He sups *scantily* with a poor planter, who presents him with nine sheep in the morning; these sheep are driven 35 miles a day, under the burning sun of Africa, for several days, and the remnant, when worn out, exchanged for fat muttons at other plantations. Vast numbers of woves are seen, and deer so thick, (12 or 14,000 in a flock) as to be shot three at a time. One place is so remarkable, as to deserve a few lines.

"As we proceeded on our journey to a farm-house, we passed one day through a dismal valley of about three miles in length. Our conductors informed us this place was called Boshisman's path; and they held their muskets presented the whole of the way, as if they were going to fire at some particular object. The road was narrow, and the hills on each side of considerable elevation. A thick brushwood covered the sides of the hills, except where the rocks appeared; and in the secluded crevices formed by these masses, lay concealed whole hordes of these extraordinary people. Our guides were constantly desiring us, as we proceeded through this valley, to be upon our guard, as they knew the Boshismen were there, and looking at us, although we could not perceive them. "They will all you full of arrows in a moment," said the guides, "if you do not take 'special care of yourselves.' This caution, I soon found, was essentially necessary, as we observed their tracks so fresh upon the ground, that a whole swarm of them must have passed but a few minutes before our arrival.

The formidable appearance we made, I believe, prevented them from attacking us. We got through this valley, however, in safety, and then entered upon a champaign country. The farmers told us they frequently assemble to the number of forty or fifty, and go in quest of the Boshismen, whom they destroy without mercy if they come up with them; but they often escape, as they ran with unparalleled swiftness, and climb the rocks with the most astonishing agility. These people rear nothing for their subsistence, but live by plundering the country, and on the fruit of a small tree which is called Boshisman's bread. The body and branches of this tree, when roasted, eat something like a plantain.

We presume that we have now shewn forth *quant. suff.* of this publication. That it is manufactured for the existing demand for information relative to the Cape of Good Hope, is too evident to need pointing out; that it is a clumsy fabrication, it is unnecessary to add; but we trust that our account of it may be relished, as it is certainly one of the best examples we ever saw of — *Fustian.*

The Eskdale Herd-Boy, a Scottish Tale, by Mrs. Blackford, 12mo. pp. 200.

A good deal of exertion has been turned, within these late years, to the instruction of the lower orders in their accidence; and spelling books have been let forth upon them in a torrent of very praiseworthy liberality. This was certainly some progress in raising that immense majority of our species who have not drawn hereditary estates, or solid prizes in the great lottery of life, into a hope of enjoyment rather above

the cattle with whom they have hitherto lived in such meek equality. And the effort was perhaps as much as could fairly be expected from the lazy and London luxury, that knows nothing of the peasant, but as a remote feeder of pigs and poultry, and nothing of the distresses of rural life, but by the increased *agio* on blanched asparagus and premature peas. But there are other observers, and cabins have been penetrated by the feet of the fashionable and the fair. Some share of this has been due to the romance that dreams of Arcadia at the sight of a thatched roof, and finds a delighted refuge for fluttering sentimentality, in peat smoke and mud walls; but some share may, with all our scepticism about benevolence, be attributed to the genuine desire of making the comfortless comfortable, and giving the ignorant the common means of knowing their duty to society. The writer of this book has been one of the latter investigators; and we are gratified by giving such publicity as may be within our power to a work calculated to conduct to wisdom through pleasantness. The Herd boy of Eskdale is the history of an orphan, who by the common accidents of rustic life, and the easy exercise of rustic virtues, makes his way through the world, not indeed to title and estate, the absurd lures of village ambition, but to competence, to character, to the possession of the woman of his early fondness, and to perhaps the still higher reward, the power of giving his early benefactor's child a shelter under his roof, and repaying his debt of gratitude to the sleeper in the grave, by invaluable kindness to the dejected being that he had left behind to the struggles of the world. The writer opens her design in a brief preface.

The author of this work, many years ago, spent a few weeks in Eskdale. The beauty of the country made a deep impression on her, perhaps the more so, from its being the farthest excursion to the southward that she had then made from her native home. The general character and manners of the inhabitants are, she believes, correctly represented, for there is scarcely an incident exemplifying these, of which she had not known the counterpart in real life. The respect universally paid by the parishioners to their clergyman, and the great influence which he possesses in forming their minds and morals, are circumstances which have fallen under her own observation. She has felt a peculiar satisfaction in describing the simple and useful life of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, from the remembrance of many worthy couples in similar situations. She has ex-

devooured, in relating the adventures of John Telfer the Herd-boy, to impress on the minds of her young readers the permanent advantages of early integrity and gratitude. In the short and unfortunate life of William Martin, she has attempted to shew the duty of subduing a disobedient and self-willed temper: the character of Helen is meant, on the contrary, to illustrate the inestimable value of which a dutiful daughter may be. Her prudence, steadiness, and even energy on some trying occasions, are the result of an education, conducted on those principles which ensure the love of the child by a reliance on the justice and affection of the parent.

In short, this is an excellent mother's book. We give some extracts. The narrative begins in this simple manner.

In the year 1807, there stood, on the beautiful banks of the river Esk, in Dumfriesshire, one of the most southern countries in Scotland, a small cottage. The neat white walls, well-thatched roof, and clean casement-windows, ornamented as they were with honeysuckles and roses, attracted the admiration of the few strangers, who, from the uncommon beauty and grandeur of the scenery, were tempted to turn off the direct road from Langholm to Edinburgh, and follow the windings of the river to its source. The cottages in general, in that part of the country, present a very different appearance; having too frequently a look of neglect, the windows broken, the walls dirty, and instead of a pretty garden, a heap of mud before the door. The contrast, therefore, rendered this building the more remarkable; and led people to suppose, what indeed was the case, that its inhabitants were more industrious, and had seen a little more of the customs of other countries, than their less neat and cleanly neighbours.

The names of the couple, who resided on this spot, were John and Marion Telfer: their history I am now going to relate. John was the only son of an honest, industrious couple, who lived in the neighbourhood of Langholm, but who unfortunately both died of a fever, when he was little more than ten years old, leaving him nothing but their blessing and the virtuous habits of integrity and obedience, in which they had trained him from his earliest youth. On their death-bed they entreated that the excellent clergyman, who, in spite of the malignity of the disease, continued to comfort and pray by them in their last moments, would take compassion on their poor little orphan, and find him employment among the neighbouring farmers, either as a herd-boy to some of the numerous flocks of sheep, which are common in Eskdale, or a plough-boy in their fields. Mr. Martin, for such was the name of the pious pastor, assured them, that he would do all in his power for their child; and he kept his word; for as soon as they were dead, he took the boy home to his own house, and there encouraged, by kindness and sympathy, to console him for his great and irreparable loss. For some days, all his endeavours were unsuccessful. John, though sensible of the

kind attentions of Mr. Martin, still felt miserable and unhappy. All his dear mother's care and tenderness; all the pains and trouble that his kind father used to take in teaching him to read his Bible, after perhaps a hard day's work; the delight with which they both watched his improvement—all, all rose to poor John's mind, and made him believe, he never more could be happy.

Mr. Martin, at last, seeing the boy's melancholy continue, thought that a little employment might serve to rouse him. He therefore, one morning, called John into his study, and asked him if he would be so good as to assist in dusting and arranging some books, which were in a large chest in the corner of the room. John, from lowness of spirits, did not much like to be employed; but as he had been taught by his father always to be obedient, and to do at once whatever he was desired, he immediately set about dusting the books. The first two or three he merely wiped, and put them down without looking at them; but, at last, rubbing one, a leaf fell out, which obliged him to open the book, to put it back again. The work happened to be a handsome edition of Robinson Crusoe, with very beautiful prints. Mr. Martin, who was watching him unobserved, called to him to bring the book, and then told him he might look at the pictures, if he pleased. John, who had never seen any thing of the kind before, was delighted with this permission, and placing himself at a little distance, so as not to disturb Mr. Martin, began turning over the leaves: his eyes sparkling, and his little hands trembling with increased delight, at every new scene that was represented. At last he came to the one where Man Friday is saved from the savages. Here his curiosity got the better of the natural awe he felt for Mr. Martin; and he cried out, "Pray, Sir, be so good as to tell me what this means!"—for though John had been taught to read his Bible, as well as his poor father was capable of teaching, yet this was in so imperfect a way, that he could by no means read easily, and was obliged to spell more than half his words. Mr. Martin smiled good-naturedly, as John's exclamation made him raise his head from the book he was reading; and desiring him to come near his chair, he explained, at some length, what the print represented; after which he asked John, if he would not like to be able to read the story himself. John immediately answered, "O dear! yes, Sir; that I should; but," looking down, and the tears starting into his eyes, "that can never be now; for my dear father is dead and gone; and nobody else will ever take the trouble to teach so poor a boy as I am." And yet," continued he, looking in Mr. Martin's face, and brightening a little with a kind of hope, "don't you think, Sir, that if I succeed in getting a place, and, if I am very, very attentive, and always take pains to please my master, I may in time be able to save, out of my wages, as much as a penny a week? for, I know, if I could do that, I might go to the school at Langholm. I remember hearing my poor dear father wish very much that he could afford to pay so much money

for me; as he said he was sure that Mr. Campbell would teach me to read much better than he could."

The history proceeds through the innocent details of life such as it might be found in a valley in the primitive age. The young peasant grows up in understanding and morals, and the minister's family is the place of tranquil virtue. But there comes a disturbance to all this quiet, in the conduct of a son. The minister has not had the power of communicating his own spirit to his turbulent boy, and brother William runs off to sea, leaving Helen in sorrow. The effects of this disobedience are, however, most injurious to his parents; his mother, overwhelmed with sorrow, takes to her bed. The scene that follows is pictured with great artlessness, and we think with peculiar feeling. Letters arrive from William, mentioning his having fixed himself on board a ship going to sea.

Helen folded up the letters, and sat for a few minutes, considering on their contents. Her own good sense and feelings of obedience to her parents, pointed out to her, in how very improper a style her brother wrote; but her love and affection for William, made her try to excuse him. "Boys are so different from girls!" thought she, "William has been away so much, too, from home; and, besides, he must chuse a profession, and it would be hard not to leave him at liberty to be what he thinks himself fit for."

In the evening of this day, Mrs. Martin felt herself better; and, for the first time since her illness, spoke to her husband on the subject of William. Mr. Martin told her he was with her brother, and likewise, that he had heard from himself. He then stated what Captain Elliott had said, as to William's being allowed to remain with him; but owned, he was very averse to this plan. Mrs. Martin answered very calmly. "My dear husband, as far as my judgment goes, I perfectly agree with my brother. I would not certainly have chosen that William should be a sailor, if I could have prevented it; but as he has acted, I think it is the best thing we can now do. He will be under my dear brother's care; and I shall now," continued she, looking at her husband with tenderness, "die in peace, on his account, convinced that Elliott will exert every means to correct and improve my poor boy, the last legacy of a dying sister. Mr. Martin quite alarmed by this address, asked her if she felt herself worse, and rose to send for Mr. Armstrong. She laid her hand gently on his arm. "My dearest love," said she, "I am not worse; but I own, I have been watching for an opportunity of preparing your mind, for what I believe myself to be inevitable; I do not say I shall die immediately; yet I am convinced, my constitution is so shattered, that a very short time will not be allowed me; to prepare for my awful change. I have thought that, by letting you know what my own opi-

nion is, your mind would be better able to bear the stroke, when it happens, than if it came upon you suddenly. Besides, my beloved husband, I have much to say to you, with regard to Helen. At present, I must have done; my strength will not permit me to continue the conversation. Only write, my dearest love, to my brother; and tell him, I consign my son entirely to his management; and I trust he will endeavour to guard his father from all future anxiety on his account. He has cost him quite enough already." The last words were spoken so low, that they were evidently not meant for her husband's ear.

He had remained quite motionless all the time she was speaking. When she ceased, he became almost convulsed with agony, for some minutes; but a violent shower of tears relieved him, and most probably saved either his reason, or his life, or, indeed, perhaps both. Helen coming into the room, showed him the necessity of composure; and hastily passing her, saying he must send answers to his letters, he left the room, and shut himself up in his study, there to implore compassion and resignation, from a Being, who is never deaf to the petitions of the humble and sincere believer.

A few days showed plainly, that Mrs. Martin knew her own situation but too well. She appeared gradually, though slowly, sinking. One evening, she asked her husband to raise her up a little; and then, desiring Helen to bring her pen and ink, she insisted on being allowed to write a few lines. "I shall write very little," said she, "but it is a duty that must not be longer delayed." She then wrote what appeared to be only a short note, which she sealed, and addressed to William; and putting it into her husband's hand said, "send this, my love, when all is over; not before. It may comfort him, poor fellow; he will require comfort then."

Mr. Martin now felt it his duty to inform his dear Helen, of the state her mother was really in; but it was some time before he could gain sufficient courage to break it to her. One evening, however, seeing his wife worse than usual, he was apprehensive that, should her death take place, while Helen was unprepared, it might have fatal effects upon the poor girl's health. He therefore followed her into her room, when she went to prepare for bed, and there, in the gentlest manner, informed her of the truth. Helen, at first, was in such a state of violent grief, that she could listen to nothing her father said; and, indeed, for some hours, was utterly incapable either of reasoning or exertion; but, at last, lifting up her head, and seeing her poor father, pale and exhausted, leaning over her, she started up, and throwing herself into his arms, cried, "Forgive me, my dearest father, for being so selfish! I will indulge in this almost criminal conduct no longer. Leave me for a few minutes. You may trust me. I will then join you, and endeavour to perform my duty, both in attending the last moments of my precious mother, and in being a comfort, not a burthen, to my equally dear father." Mr. Martin thought it best to comply with her re-

quest; and retired to try and subdue his own feelings, that he might be able to attend to his wife.

In half an hour, Helen and her father were at Mrs. Martin's bedside. She smiled faintly, when she perceived them. Holding out her hand, she thus addressed her husband. "My dear, I wish much to see my mother; pray, write for her. She will, I am sure, gratify me. Mr. Martin immediately left the room to send off a messenger to Melrose. Mrs. Martin then took hold of Helen's hand, and said, "My dearest girl, I wish to say a few words to you; but it must be when you are composed enough to listen to me.

The length to which this extract has run, compels us to leave out the last affecting advice of Mrs. M. to her excellent daughter. It thus concludes—

Helen now, in a quiet, composed voice, went over every circumstance that her mother had enumerated, and added a sacred promise, never to disobey her last commands, in thought or deed. When she had so done, her mother, clasping her in her arms, gave her, in a solemn manner, that most precious of all gifts, to a dutiful child, a dying mother's blessing. She then asked for a little jelly; and, on her husband's coming into the room, advised Helen to take a turn in the garden, and recruit herself, by getting a little fresh air. She obeyed; and after a shower of tears, became composed enough to return to her mournful duties within doors. Mrs. M.'s mother, Mrs. Elliott, arrived the next day, when Mrs. Martin had the satisfaction of gaining her consent, to give up her house at Melrose, and come to live at the manse. Mr. Martin assured her, that she should ever be considered, by him, as his own mother. His wife joined their hands, exclaiming, "My work is finished in this world. I have now only to look forward to another and a better." Her work, in this world, did indeed seem finished. The next day, without any apparent change for the worse, as her mother and Helen were sitting by the bedside, and her kind, anxious husband was supporting her in his arms, she laid her head on his shoulder, and seemed to fall asleep. It was some minutes before he was aware that she was gone for ever.

Thus perished one of the best and most exemplary of mothers, entirely from anxious solicitude about a son, who, in spite of all admonition and remonstrance, had allowed the growth and practice of disobedience, for several years, to embitter his kind parents' lives; and whose headstrong violence and self-will, at last, brought the being, whom he most loved on earth, to a premature grave!

The narrative now rapidly approaches to its close. William perishes, his father dies in purity and resignation. John, after perilous adventures, meets Marion, and marries her. Helen too has her share of suffering; but John, in memory of the past, welcomes her to Eskdale, where she subsequently becomes the wife of her father's successor in the living. This book is obviously

the work of a writer who could do superior things, if any thing is superior to teaching our fellow pilgrims the nearest way to the purest happiness.

The Oxford Spy, &c. concluded. In our last, we promised specimens of the subjects more generally interesting, which this poem touches. Selection's curse is one of them.

I have known, of reason now bereft,
Who thus was sought and courted, lost and left:
One have I known, and oft to fancy's view
Will memory bring that lovely form anew:
As pure she shone, in calmer happier time,
Above suspicion, as unknown to crime;
Delight and love, where'er she mov'd, inspir'd;
A father gaz'd and tremblingly admir'd:
For her's the form, that oft at dead of night,
In heav'nly vision glads the dreamer's sight:
Or such as floats in wounded Moslem's eyes
To gild his death, and form his Paradise.
Her's was the smile, which ev'ry gloom could

cheer,
Bid anguish cease, and make distraction dear.
Her's was the lip, which breath'd of more
than heav'n's—

Though none that lip might touch and be forgiv'n.

Her's was the eye, whose mild and melting glance

Could, with it's silent speech, the soul entrance;
The lightning flash, at summer ev'ning sent,
Quick, but serene—and bright, but innocent.

Her's was the timid bashfulness of face,
Which sheds o'er lovely forms the loveliest grace;
Mix'd with the conscious self-approving smile
Which beauty wears, when all adore the while—
The voice in native melody complete,
Touchingly, deeply, exquisitely sweet;
The soft light step, which none might safe behold,
With the rich charms of nature's finest mould;
Young, sparkling, playfulness of speech and air,
Which told a breast unknown to crime and care;
The guileless soul, as happy and as pure
As infant thought—the virtue as secure—
Yet deeper feelings of affection strove
Deep in that heart, too capable of love.

What is she now?—how rack'd with bitterest pain,

With faded person, and bewild'rd brain!
Yet hating reason, while she feels the tear
Of sorrowing sympathy, or insult's sneer;
Doom'd friendless, hopeless, desolate to roam,
Lost to her pride, her virtue, and her home.
Worse than an orphan—for a father's fame
Sinks with her own, and shares his daughter's shame.—

What shall she do?—belov'd, receiv'd no more,
No pangs or tears can former peace restore.
Nor this the worst—another scene is nigh,
Too sad for words to paint, or thought to fly;
One dreary dark dependency of grief,
Which grows with life, or seeks in death relief.

Oh thou! by whom that lost one was betray'd!
How hast thou marr'd what heaven so lovely made!

Now what thou can'st not cure, in silence see—
For pity must be mockery from thee.
Yet think, ere deeper mink in guilt's abyss,
If mercy can forgive a dead like this.

The world forgives not her—for one offence
The world shuts mercy's gate on penitence:
And like the brand, which seals a villain's shame,
Forbids return to virtue and to fame.
Yet shame to those the merciless—to them
Who, proud in untried virtue, dare condemn;
To such, as still in folly's circle run,
Too dull to feel, too cold to be undone:

Or scarcely chaste in thought, yet safe from harm,

Merely because they want the power to charm :
Who with disgust, or mingled joy, and hate,
Hear of the blighted name, the ruin'd fate
Of all that once was beautiful—the eye
More bright than their's—the birth, perchance,
as high ;

Who still disdain the fallen fair to raise,
But think by cruelty to merit praise.
Oh ! let them know, that mercy is the grace,
Which pours a ray divine o'er mind and face.
O'er others woes, in sorrow let them pause,
Nor whilst they scorn to pity, help to cause.

And shame, deep shame to custom's partial laws,

Which crown the villain with insane applause !
While, as he triumphs in his damn'd success,
Men still admit, and women still caress.
Where is the man, who can his soul inspire
With withering words, and point his pen with fire,

To shew those arts, which female youth beguile,
How poorly, meanly, despicably vile,
Which but require some devilish dark disguise,
The heart of marble and the tongue of lies ?

Lest, like the story of Henry VI., our review should send our readers weeping to their beds, we must quote two passages in a livelier strain ; the first is a devoir to the dandies of 1819, and the last a clever sketch of a rustic opposed to a college education. (Giving precedence to the nobler subject, we transcribe ;

Yet right was Horace : words but live their day,

Like us, they flourish, and likewise, decay.
Alas ! the greatest names to fashion bow :—
For what were Loungers once, are Dandies now.
And oh ! no more, ye gownsmea vainly try
With Dandies of St. James's air to vie !
In vain, ye Oxford lops, ye bring to view
What pains, and practice, stays, and starch can do :

Or ye of Granta, who with fatal speed
Hie to Newmarket on the stumbling steed :
Still ye retain, against the finish'd plan
Some easy motions of the natural man.
There men of law to fashion's court alone
Give all their time :—and time is all their own :—
There heroes, though in peace, with warlike mien
Shew in the fight how brave they must have been ;
And love, still mindful of their former trade,
To storm, or mine, the virtue of a maid.
Stiff they proceed, and patient under pain,
Proud of their shame, and of their folly vain :—
Yet praise is theirs,—if praise on toil attend ;
And it be glorious, to attain our end :—
Their high ambition was to shine in dress :
And even envy owns their full success.
In pleasure, till it palls, runs on their time,
And life throughout is one long pantomime.

We now come to the country theme, which is smartly executed—

Yet in the country, to the careless eye,
All nature's beauties unregarded lie ;
There the fond mother's misdirected pain
Fears lest her darling should fatigue his brain ;
The foolish father takes him to the field,
To shew what learning rural sports may yield ;
And deems him soon in all true knowledge ripe—
Since he can tell a partridge from a snipe.
Soon learns the son these high delights to sip,
Turns huntsman, sportsman, boxer, jockey, whip.
Soon, like Egyptians, as old tales declare,
His hard skull thickens in the sun and air ;
And proves it true, that brains, or bright, or dull,
Bear an inverse proportion to the skull.

Soon, dead to feeling, round his heart-strings freeze

The hope of pleasure, and the wish to please,
Unless he courts in some sequester'd place
A shepherdess of no Arcadian race.
He drinks and shoots—youth fades before he thinks,

And age approaches, while he shoots and drinks.
Then reigns stern despot of his little town,
And they, who hate his person, fear his frown.
Till sore is curs'd retirement's loveliest scene,
With petty politics, intrigues, and spleen ;
His vain conceit the base dependents fan,
Echo his jests, and make him more than man.

We need hardly add any encomium upon this little work to our opinions already delivered, and the selections brought in support of them. We differ in a few points from the Oxford writer, but we can neither deny him ability nor genius.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

Dr. Scudamore's Treatise, 8vo. Concluded.

We have, by our two preceding articles, arrived at the essential consideration of the *general treatment of gout*. We have seen of what it consists, and now come to examine of what cure it is susceptible ; and as the able author has taken a sound practical view of the disease, on regular data, it may in candour be presumed that he treats of the cure in the same spirit. We shall, as before, endeavour to give a concise abridgement of his reasoning.

Nature is seeking a remedy for herself in a fit of the gout ; but her process is seldom, after a slight first attack, sufficient for the purpose. Our author, therefore, differs from Sydenham, and advises the exhibition of remedies as in other diseases. He rationally assumes it as a principle, that we should attempt the prevention of a fit of the gout, if warned of its approach ; and interrupt its progress when formed, *unless* such a state of the constitution exist, that the gout has taken the place of another more serious disease ; or may be expected to prevent one which is threatening, and more to be dreaded than itself : but even in this case, it is incumbent on us to moderate the violence of symptoms ; to study and fulfil particular indications ; and carefully to estimate the balance of the present evil, with the expected good.

In this point of view, Dr. S. considers, first, the treatment of the premonitory symptoms. (see Lit. Gaz. No. 147). These may sometimes be remedied with the effect of averting the threatened attack ; or the paroxysm may be rendered milder, by the removal of previous causes of irritation. If considerable inflammatory diathesis be present, general bleeding ;—if congestion be indicated in the vessels of the head, or liver, or other internal organ, local cupping should be employed. Any tendency to hæmorrhoidal discharge should be promoted, by administering aloetic, and saline purgatives, and active purgatives, as calomel, antimonial powder ; extract of colocynth should

also be taken. Such treatment has, in numerous cases, averted the paroxysm.

Should the fit, however, actually come on, the predisposing and exciting causes in the patient must be reflected upon. The employment of the *lanctet* is not allowable with the same freedom, as in other cases of phlegmasiæ, as the gout often arises rather from a partial plethora, than from a redundancy of blood in the entire system. The loss of blood from the system is therefore unnecessary, and does not remove local inflammatory action : but this ought not to oppose the practice recommended when other and greater indications require bleeding, whether there is or is not gout. It is of infinite importance, that when bleeding is resorted to it should never be long delayed. *Emetics* are not advised, unless an evacuation of the stomach in a full degree, is obviously required by indications of its irritating contents ; especially as acid matter there, exciting or aggravating the symptoms, claims particular attention. *Cathartics* and *diuretics* : on the choice and free use of these, the successful treatment of the paroxysm chiefly depends. When the eau medicinale, hellebore, and laudanum, and various other specifics, have been most successful in the paroxysm, the action has been powerful on the bowels. Yet purgative treatment is strongly and mistakenly condemned by the French physicians. The great objects are to unload the bowels of solid accumulation, and excite vascular secretion, and consequent discharge throughout the whole tract of the intestinal canal ; to promote the excretion of vitiated bile, and remove also the acid matter and unhealthy mucus to which the disordered digestion has given rise. Purgatives and diuretic medicine conjointly, so that the exhalant vessels of the alimentary canal, and the secreting function of the kidneys are stimulated to increased action at the same time, have been invariably employed to the utmost advantage. Elaterium, or elaterium in combination with opium, have been advocated ; but Dr. S. dreads the too active and occasionally violent nature of the former as a regular remedy in gout. James's Powder, as an antimonial preparation, calomel, colocynth, and a little soap, are the medicines which his experience sanctions as most safe and efficacious. To co-operate with these, he has also had remarkable success with a draught composed of magnesia gr. xv. ad xx. ; magnes. sulphat. ʒ j. ad ʒ ii. ; acet. colchici ʒ j. ad ʒ ii. ; with any distilled water the most agreeable, and sweetened with any pleasant syrup, or with 15 or 20 grains of extract. glycyrrhiz. When much feverish heat of the skin has prevailed, gr. xxvii. of potass. carbon., accurately neutralized with fresh lemon juice, has been added ; and in this case the carbonate of magnesia preferred to the calcined, using a larger proportion. The draught should be repeated at intervals of four, six, or eight hours, according to the freedom of its operation, and urgency of the symptoms ; and it is most important to adapt the activity of this part of the treatment, entirely to the degree of gouty inflammation which is present. These

medicines should be administered (more unfrequently, as necessary,) till all inflammation is removed, and the secretions acquire a healthy character; and the use of effective practice should not be abandoned on the first flattering marks of convalescence.

Very rare occasions only, in the acute disease, call for the preference of more stomacheic purgatives.*

Dr. S. thought formerly, that in one or two instances the colchicum, though so mildly exhibited as in his draught, was too acrid in its operation to be continued, from its appearing to cause some distressing heat and irritation in the bowels. In one instance he still believes this was the case; but in the rest he thinks the symptom arose almost wholly from the morbid state of the secretions. He then affirms that colchicum, in union with the other medicines, has never disappointed him in its effects, &c.: he prefers the acetic preparation.

This (*the colchicum autumnale, or meadow saffron*.) is, however, the chief constituent of the famous *Eau Medicinale de Husson*, and was originally recommended by Demetrius Papagomenos, in his *Treatise de Podagra*, written at Constantinople in the 13th century. We perfectly agree with Dr. Scudamore (who enters largely into the subject), that though this pseudo-specific affords temporary ease, it soon loses its power, and is at all times otherwise injurious, and often fatal. The same remark applies to all the other pretended nostrums; to Wilson's tincture, Reynold's specific, tincture of gratiola or hedge-hyssop (much used in France), wine of white hellebore, wine of laudanum, elaterium, &c.: all which, except the hyssop, afford, at first, present ease, but ultimately prove nugatory or destructive.

Mercurial preparations, except as before specified, given so as to excite mercurial fever, produce serious injury.

Of Peruvian Bark, Dr. S. has no unfavourable opinion in the circumstances under which gout occurs, that he has not made trial of it.

Sudorifics, as tending to debilitate the stomach, should be administered with some caution. Antimony in small doses, and conjoined with opium, or calomel, is however an important remedy. But the skin should not be made a channel of evacuation, as in this case, the surface of the body is rendered more susceptible, and liable to be affected by changes of atmosphere. Free sponging,

* Such as the *London gout cordial*, which is composed of rhubarb, senega, liquorice extract, and aromatics, digested in proof spirits; and very similar is the *gout cordial of Blackman*.

Similar, too, is *Werner's gout cordial*, which consists entirely of the articles above named, with cochineal, raisins, and coriander and fennel seeds bruised, and infused in French brandy. Ed.

with tepid vinegar and water, cool drink, and a well-ventilated apartment at a moderate temperature, will relieve a hot and dry skin.

Narcotics: Opium, under proper management, is a remedy no less advantageous than powerful, for the relief of the most distressing of all the symptoms, *the pain* of the disease. It seems to act almost like a charm in abating the most intense throbbings and agony. [We must be content to refer to the author's dissertation on the narcotic class of medicines, which is very interesting. p. 221 to 235.]

Diet is a matter of much consequence in gout, and that in which the greatest errors are generally committed. Every sort of food which can produce hurtful excitement, and all spirituous stimulants, should be avoided. Boiled bread and milk is much to be recommended; even in cases of a debilitated stomach, cordial and supporting nutriment must be managed with much discretion. Wine, if allowed at all, should be in a state of dilution, mixed with arrow-root, sago, or gruel. Dr. S. has met cases of great peculiarity of nervous temperament, where a little animal food, and two or three glasses of Madeira undiluted, were really necessary in the daily plan of diet. Such material support is however seldom proper. As a diluent beverage, rennet-whey is equally agreeable and useful. Warm diluting fluids, as tea, thin gruel, or barley water, are requisite to aid the action of the medicines on the bowels and kidneys. Acidulated drink is usually unfriendly; yet the sub-acid fruits, oranges, grapes of good quality, and apples roasted, may be moderately indulged in.

Bodily exertion. Slight exercise, where possible, should be taken; but in severe paroxysms the utmost ease of position should be studied. A cradle constructed of hoops bent in a semi-circular form to two parallel pieces of wood, and so applied as to keep the pressure of the bed-cloths off, is a great comfort.

The Passions. All violent emotions should be allayed; and tranquillity and cheerfulness encouraged.

With regard to the *Local Treatment* of gout; we must be very brief indeed.

Dr. S. is unfriendly to topical bleeding, either by leeches or the lancet; nor does he approve of blisters, or other vesicatories or irritants. *Warm wrappings*, to produce perspiration in the part, increase the pain and prolong the disease: only moderate warmth of covering should be employed!—and at all times the heating influence of the fire should be prevented from being received on the inflamed parts. Hot bathing of the foot, fomentations, and hot poultices, are also bad.

Dr. S. has, in a hundred and thirty cases, used, with the best success, an evaporative lotion composed of one part of alcohol, and three parts of mistura camphoræ, applied to the affected parts by means of linen rags, first rendered just agreeably luke-warm by the addition of a sufficient quantity of boiling or very hot water. The temperature should

be from 75° to 85°; or just agreeably luke-warm.

In convalescence, *Festina lente*, should be the invariable rule. Chalybeates are generally efficacious where debility has ensued; but we do not find so great a difference between the further treatment of this and any other disorder, as to induce us to enter into the details. The constitution of the patient, and the nature of his remaining symptoms, point to the use of alteratives, change of air, sweet milk, &c. as after fever or other illness. When there is great weakness in the joints, bandages and rollers are indispensable. Sponging the affected parts every morning with salt water, rendered slightly tepid, and friction with the hand or flesh-brush, are strongly praised; while immersion in hot water is condemned. The following formula has been found most effectual. *R. Tinct. lyttæ ʒss. Linim. camph. compos. Linim. saponis compos. ā ā ʒ iiss. M.—Fiat linimentum, quocum partes affectæ diligenter fricentur senel vel bis quotidie.*

A number of cases illustrate and support Dr. Scudamore's theory and practice in all respects to which we have directed attention. He then adverts to the chronic gout, which is a modification of the acute; but this portion of his volume our limits and other claims compel us to pass over in silence. His views of the use of Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, Harrogate, and Leamington waters; of friction; of the salt bath, &c. are well worthy of attention. The reason above stated prevents us from entering upon the subjects of the prevention and cure of gouty concretions (vulgo chalk-stones); of the retrocedent gout; of gravel; of rheumatism; and of several other vitally important considerations connected with gout, and discussed with great practical ability. We must take leave of a volume, which is extremely valuable, and may be consulted as an ample guide by the medical student, and the suffering individual; and in general by the faculty, as a work of science and sound pathology.

CHINA.

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October, 1819. 8vo. pp. 286.

(Concluded.)

It is needless to dwell on such uncounted and selfish acts as those related in our preceding extracts: it seems as if, conscious of internal weakness, and bigotted in obsolete formalities, the government of China entrenched itself behind these arrogant pretensions, as behind the Tartar wall, and thus sought to avoid a collision with foreign power, one touch of which would dissolve the charm of union, and crumble this vast empire into ruins. We shall rather select a few of the passages which mention remarkable things. At Ta-koo, where the ships anchored—

"We went (says the author) into one of the priests' rooms to take tea, and found hanging against the wall, as idol pictures do, on a European print of the head of Jesus Christ, crowned with thorns, and a reed in his hand. Around on the Chinese paper, in the centre of which it was pasted, were Chinese characters. When requested to take it down, the priest declined, saying, that it was dedicated, and he could not take it down; but he showed to Mr. Morrison a service, in mysterious Chinese phraseology, which was read when the picture was worshipped."

Religion indeed is a very anomalous matter in China. At Lin-tsin Chow is a lofty pagoda, or Tā—

"It was taken particular notice of by the gentlemen who gave an account of the last Embassy. There is not now any appearance of porcelain without side. It is nine stories high. It seems a rule in all such structures to make them nine, seven, five, or three stories high. Over the door of this pagoda are the words,

tā paou le Shay
4 3 2 1

"A precious monument to the Shay-le;" i. e. reliques of Fūh, which last syllable is an abbreviation of Fūh-too, the Chinese for Buddha. There are good marble steps within, all the way to the top; several gentlemen ascended it. In the various stories are idols placed in niches; most of them broken and out of repair. On a marble tablet inserted in the wall were the words; "The 13th year of the Emperor Wan-leih, of the Ming dynasty"—which answers to 1584.

"There are in the vicinity four Mohammedan mosques. The roofs of the places of worship, called in Chinese Le-pae Sze, were different from the usual Chinese temples. There was a centre roof rising from four equal sides, and terminating in a point, on which was placed a round ball. On each side were similar roofs, smaller and lower than the centre one; these terminated by a conical ornament."

"At Kwa-chow were several pleasant walks through country lanes shaded by the foliage of trees. In one of these was situated a Gan or Temple, occupied by three widows, who had, having no human dependence, devoted themselves to the worship of the God Chin-te. The matron was eighty years of age, and the other two upwards of fifty. One went through her morning devotions in my presence. She appeared sincere, and probably was fully persuaded in her own mind of the real existence of that Being to whom she burnt incense, knelt down, and offered up prayers."

"On the hill above Teth-keang was a temple dedicated to Newshin, 'the God of Kine.' A figure of a black cow, with a person sitting on it, stood in the temple; and by the side were several marble inscriptions, containing the names of the founders, and the views and feelings of the original proposer, who invited all the farmers in the neighbourhood to join in the expense."

"November 27th. The Legate sent a covered boat to take the Ambassador, and any

other gentlemen who chose to accompany him, to see a temple called Hwa Wang Meaou, 'The Temple of the King of Flowers.' His Majesty is represented seated on a fantastic group of rocks, surrounded by gay divinities, male and female, for each month of the year. The figures were quite new, and painted in the most lively colors. The temple was supported by the salt-merchants in the neighbourhood, who in an adjoining hall had placed an idol denominated Tase-Shin, 'The God of Wealth.' Before him was a stage for theatrical exhibitions, which are blended with the service of all the temples.

"Mohammedans were found in every part of our journey. They frequently hold situations in the government.

"On the evening of September the 10th, whilst walking on shore, at a village called Too-leaou, about fifty miles from Tsen-tsin, I observed written on the lantern of a poor huckster's shop Hwuy-Hwuy laou tēn, 'An old Mohammedan Shop.' On stopping to ask the owner, who was an old man, whence he came, he replied, from Se-yang, 'The Western Ocean.' When urged to say, from what country of the west, he said he did not know. He understood his family had been in the place he now was for five generations.

"He informed me that there were many Mohammedans in the neighbourhood; they had a Le-pae Sze, 'temple for worship; they observed every third and seventh day, chiefly the seventh. They used for the Chinese word Tēn, 'Heaven,' the word Choo, 'Lord or Sovereign.'

"The old man could not read: he did not cease to sell commodities on the sabbath.

"October 13th. At a temple of Fūh, near Kwa-chow, met with a gentleman who held a situation in the government: on entering into conversation with him, it appeared that he was a Mohammedan.

"He said he understood the Mohammedans came over to China during the dynasty Tang, about 1200 years ago.

"In Chinese the Mohammedans express the Deity by Choo, 'Lord,' and not by Shin 'a god or spirit;' because, he said, 'the gods (Shin) were included in things created.'

"We," said he, "venerate the Lord, who is the true Lord of what exists and what does not; the Creator of all things." He is 'not like any thing; not to be compared to any thing: the one only true Lord.' He called the Sabbath by the name 'Choo-ma-urh.'

"He informed me that at Kae-fing-Poo, in Honan province, there were a few families denoted Teanou-kin Kenou, 'the plucking-snow sect,' because they take away the sinews from all the flesh which they eat. They also had a Le-pae Sze, or Temple of Worship. They observed the eighth day as a sabbath. He regarded them the same as the Tean-chow Kenou, which is the name by which the Christians are known in China.

"The above statement exactly corresponds with what is related in Grower, on the authority of a Robinian missionary. That person saw and conversed with the people of whom he speaks, and he considered them as Jews.

"The gentleman felt a little unwilling to

converse on the subject of religion; said it was not their custom to do it; but to satisfy the curiosity of a stranger, and as I had been civil to his brother, he now did so. The Priest of Buddha was sitting by and handing tea all the time.

"November 27th. At Nan-chang Foo, the capital of Keang-se, was visited by a young military Mohammedan officer. He said that in Keang-nan they had 36 Mosques; where we then were, there were three. He affirmed the same as the persons above mentioned respecting the terms used for the Deity. Respecting the Chinese word, 'Heaven,' and Shin, 'spirit,' he said, 'Heaven was created by the Lord, so were the (Shin) spirits.'

"Their sabbath occurs on a Friday. In the Chinese Calendar it falls on the days Kang, New, Low, Kwei, which are four of seven characters applied to days successively. The teachers or priests they call Laou-sze Foo. There is one expounds, sitting, on the sabbath. Thirty or forty attend at Nan-chang Foo. Require the people to pray five times a-day; the prayers are not translated from the Arabic. There are no books in Chinese containing the service or doctrines of the sect. The term in Arabic answering to the Chinese Hwuy-hwuy, he understands to be Moo-se-ne-ma-na, probably *Muselman*. Return on sabbath from the Mosque to their usual avocations.

"The young officer said many of the sect were not very strict. He himself took a little wine to strengthen his arms for shooting with the bow."

Truly may Mr. M. say,—

"What the prophet Isaiah said of Judea two thousand years ago is still true of China, 'their land also is full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands—that which their own fingers have made.'"

He adds that—

"The very frequent decay and ruin in which the temples of superstition were found by the present travellers, seemed to denote a decay of the sentiments which prompted the rearing of those edifices."

"The sect of Fūh or Buddha, is more prevalent than that of Taou. There are some temples of the latter which appear occupied by the priests of the former. One temple occurred to the writer of this which seemed to be of neither sect. Bloody sacrifices had been offered to the idol, the steps to whose altar were yet red with gore. Time did not permit a fuller investigation; as there was no person on the spot who could give any satisfactory account of it. A calculator of the fates of men sat at the gate, with his apparatus about him, but he could not tell to whom the temple was dedicated. The fortune-telling superstition seemed very prevalent in some towns; the professors of the art kept regular shops."

This idolatrous polytheism resembles in many particulars the religious state of the Roman Empire in its decline: and that China may be considered in the same light is pretty obvious from numerous symptoms.

"Not far (says Dr. M.) from where we were on the 28th of September was the town called

Hwa-hên, which was occupied some months by the rebels in 1813. On taking the town the Government troops put to the sword all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, amounting to between ten and twenty thousand souls. Other families have been since sent to re-people it, and to cultivate the land around."

"General Wang remarked in the course of conversation, that the wars which preceded and accompanied the ascendancy of the reigning family, thinned the population so much, that the earth produced great abundance for the wants of the people. Since that period there has been a vast increase of population, the consequences of which are scarcity and poverty. In the General's opinion, another war to diminish the population would be a good thing."

"On the evening of the 27th reached a village called She-chih. In front of the boats saw an instance of the harsh usage to which the people in China are subjected from the police runners, who are armed and dressed like soldiers. A respectable-looking man, walking quietly away, was seized by the tail and the beard, and dragged away to receive Ta-pan-tsze, 'A bamboozing.' On enquiring the cause, it was affirmed that he had Ma-kwan, 'used insolent language to an officer of the government.'

"At Nan-chang Foo, three hundred boats had been put in requisition for the Embassy, and had been detained two months. Having received no pay for a whole month, they appealed to Government for support, and had then to each boat 150 cash, that is about fourteen pence daily, given them."

"China does not enjoy liberty. Her government is a military despotism. Her virtues and her vices are those of slaves. Always artful, suspicious, intriguing, the Chinese are complaisant and servile, or insolent and domineering, according to circumstances. They affect great care to prevent irregular intercourse of the sexes; and yet are well known to be very debauched. Indecent representations were found every where exposed, the same as at Canton. The strong arm of power intimidates them, and they acquire a habit of departing from the truth. Of this numerous instances occurred in the course of the journey."

"The Tartars were generally more proud and haughty than the Chinese."

"If 'barbarity' or being 'barbarous' expresses something savage, rude, and cruel, the present inhabitants of China do not deserve the epithet; if it expresses a cunning selfish policy, endeavouring to deceive, to intimidate, or to brow-beat, as occasion may require, connected with an arrogant assumption of superiority on all occasions, instead of cultivating a liberal, candid, friendly intercourse with men of other nations, they are barbarians."

We shall only subjoin a few more curious and miscellaneous paragraphs, calculated to illustrate the character of this unique people."

"The boat-trackers commonly have a song, called the Tsên-foo Ko, which they chant to inspire them, and give union to their efforts. The greater part of it is merely

the tone of exertion, interspersed with a few expressions alluding to the country they are passing, and the place to which they look as the end of their toils. One person repeats the sentences which have meaning, and the whole join in a chorus, Hei-o, Wo-te hei-ho, the import of which appears to be, 'pull away, let us pull away.' Mr. Morrison requested a man to write down a tracker's song, and it closed by holding out the hope of a breakfast when they reached Têen-tsin."

At Yuen-ning-Yuen, the Court, when the final rupture took place "during the time Duke Ho was going out and returning, several persons of rank came, stared at the English gentleman, and went away. One old gentleman, with a long silver beard, came and uttered the words, Fa-lang-ke, with another Tartar-sounding word, which the writer of this did not understand. It was said to him, 'We are not French, but English.' Mr. Morrison requested the old gentleman to turn out the crowd; it was so rude for them to press into a small room in the way they did. He gave no answer to this, but went his way. As soon as he had gone out, a gentleman present, who knew the meaning of the round badge which he wore on his breast, informed the party that he was a Prince of the Blood. Others wearing the same badge came in, took a rude stare, and went away again."

"Above Kwa-chow are situated the Woon-yuen, 'Five Gardens,' which were in the last reign an Imperial residence. They have never been visited by Kea-king since he ascended the throne, and are much out of repair. Two years ago one of the sage Yu-she, i. e. Public Censors, upbraided his Majesty with the needless expense of the Five Gardens. His Majesty told him he was a great blockhead for not knowing that the Emperor paid no attention to them, nor spent any money whatever upon them."

"At this place one of the gentlemen took out his gun and shot a crow. The Legate sent to desire he would desist, lest he should alarm the country people, and also because the Tartars venerate the crow. The reason is the following:

"The grandfather of the first Emperor of the present dynasty was, when a lad, left by some accident in the field of battle after the defeat of his own party. When the enemy was advancing upon him, he crouched down in a hole, the mouth of which was immediately surrounded and covered by a flight of crows. The victorious party, supposing there could be no human being where the crows were sitting, passed on, and the lad was saved. At the spot where this took place the Tartars annually hang meat on a pole to feed the crows, and discourage on all occasions putting them to death."

"At Ta Tung, on the sides of the hills were numerous coffins unburied. Those in easy circumstances had a vault built over them. Others had nothing but a mat laid over the coffin, which mat the relations of the deceased replace annually. It is probable that they are kept unburied, only till the persons concerned can find a place for, and perform the rites of sepulture agreeably to their wishes, or

till they can afford to purchase a burying-place; for, except at large towns, there is no public burying-ground open to the poor."

Interspersing his narrative with a multitude of similar remarks and stories, Dr. M. has rendered a very unassuming production, a very agreeable one. But we have no room to go more at length into it, though we must advert to the statement, that the Embassy passed near Kenh-fow Hên said to be the birth-place of Confucius, and still in possession of his descendants: at Pih-uh they saw a rock hanging over a brook where Choo-foo-tze, his famous commentator, angled at his leisure hours."

Upon the whole, this little tract affords great information on the most interesting facts connected with China, and is every way deserving of as favourable a report as the reputation of the writer led us to anticipate.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR JULY, 1819.—continued.

Art. VII. De Poëses Dramatic Genere Hispanico, &c. i. e. A Dissertation on the Genus of the Spanish Dramatic Poetry, and especially on P. Calderon de la Barca, the Prince of Dramatic Poets, by Mr. John Lewis Heiberg, Copenhagen. 1817, 12mo.

The author of this dissertation has endeavoured to demonstrate, that the Spanish theatre in general belongs to the romantic class; and that Calderon de la Barca, especially, is the romantic poet *par excellence*.

What has caused, and what prolongs the disputes between the partisans of the romantic and those of the classic genus, is, that the former have not agreed together to collect, to unite their opinions in a code of their doctrines, by giving a clear and precise idea of the new system, pointing out the principles and the laws which govern it, as well as the limits within which it should be circumscribed. From the Mess. Schlegel, who are generally believed to have been the first who ventured the word *romantic* to designate this particular genus, to Mr. Heiberg, with whose dissertation we are now engaged, no theory has been offered which has been adopted by all the partisans of the genus, and Mr. Heiberg's work evidently proves it.

It seems to me, that they have not sufficiently distinguished, on the one hand, the manners, the opinions, the sentiments, which constitute and more particularly characterize the romantic literature; or, on the other hand, the forms, by the aid of which it is believed that the picture of these manners, the variety of these opinions, the expression of these sentiments, may be the most successfully developed.

It cannot in fact be denied, that the influence of the Christian religion, and that of the prejudices of chivalry, have effected various essential modifications in modern literature, and that then this literature has

* We observe that Mr. Raynouard here uses the word *litteratures* in the plural, which we cannot venture to do. Ed.

received, in many respects, a peculiar character, unknown to classical literature, the cheerful and allegorical mythology of which could not adapt itself with success to the expression of the sentiments and opinions which were the result of a religious and moral revolution.

Whether this particular character be called *romantic*, or whether any other denomination be given to it, if the genus to which it more especially belongs differs in some points from the classic, at least the one does not exclude the other, and they are not incompatible.

As to the form, the partisans of the romantic genus have pretended that it ought not to be restricted to the rules of the classic, nor subjected to the niceties required by our poetical codes, to the rigid decorum (*convenances sôcrales*) which a long-practised taste has established among us, and which do not permit seriousness to be mingled with buffoonery, nor personages of the highest rank, with those of the lowest classes of society.

Let us be allowed to observe to some of the partisans of the romantic, to those men of letters who consider it as a genus apart, that it is not the forms which constitute, or can constitute, this genus; but the manners, the opinions, the sentiments, as far as we find in them the expression of the new state of society. If it required nothing more than to be ignorant of, or to neglect the rules of the classic genus, then the pieces of those people who have the least cultivated literature, would peculiarly belong to the romantic class.

It is beyond a doubt, that real beauties may be found, in pieces in which the rules imposed among us in the dramatic art are not observed; there are instances of it, even in the tragedies of the Greek classics; but will it be disputed, that dramas in which they are observed, may have beauties equal to the beauties of the romantic pieces? Most of our tragedies, the subjects of which are religious or chivalrous, such as *Polyeucte*, *Zaire*, &c. belong by the substance to the romantic class, and by the form to the classic; whereas many celebrated works of modern literature belong to the classic genus by the substance, and to the romantic by the form.

Mr. Heiberg, in his dissertation on Calderon, gives no precise idea of the romantic genus; but on examining the productions of this renowned poet, he recognizes in them this genus in an eminent degree, and at length reduces it to symbolism.

After these preliminary observations, Mr. Raynoud proceeds to examine the dissertation of Mr. Heiberg, who appears to be an enthusiastic admirer of the author whom he has undertaken to illustrate; so much so as not to allow him to have any faults. In conclusion Mr. R. says, "We find in Mr. Heiberg's work two distinct parts; the one positive, which concerns the analysis of the dramas of Calderon, the varied forms of his versification, his art, management of the plot, &c. in a word, extracts purely literary; and this part contains just views, ingenious notions, instructive judgments, which may be useful in forming an idea of the Spanish dramatic

literature in general, or in appreciating Calderon in particular. The other part is systematical; in which the author thinks to prove the existence of symbolism in the Spanish dramatic literature, and especially in the pieces of Calderon. This part seems to me to be only a wild flight of the imagination, in its principle, and in the application of this erroneous principle to the works of the Poet."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

KOTZEBUANA.

A Mr. Muchler, at Berlin, has extracted from 107 works of Kotzebue, a collection of 905 thoughts, observations, &c. which will doubtless be very popular: we select a few—

217. Grateful men are like fruitful fields; they return what they have received tenfold.

366. People become ill by drinking healths: he who drinks the health of every body, drinks away his own.

377. A tolerant spirit acquires the love of high and low. Tale-bearing is a carrion fly, that buzzes at every one's windows, and dirties every thing.

35. Poetry ought to be the handmaid of truth, and dress her mistress.

255. The road to marriage is as rough as a highway in Saxony.

80. Cards and hearts have much resemblance to each other: on the one side they all seem smooth and clean, unless indeed they have been too often played with—but who dares look at them till they are dealt? Many a man has sat down with great expectations, and when he looks at what he has got, he says half aside, 'I pass.'

332. Men are like cards in the hand of fate: there they figure for a time, till they are played, and trumped by death.

763. A girl is often a bill of exchange, which the father indorses, and the bridegroom accepts. The girl pays the value according to the law of bills of exchange.

246. *To kill the defenceless, brings no glory: revenge, to become a man, must be public.*

731. The splendor which surrounds a martyr has condemned many a one to the scaffold, who might have become the saviour of his nation.

How applicable are the latter two to the unhappy and unfortunate Sand!

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Nov. 20.

Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Right Hon. Lord Clifton, Christ Church.
Rev. William Briggs, Queen's College.
Rev. Henry Gordon, Merton College.
Rev. Charles Spencer Stanhope, Christ Church.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

James Buchanan, Esq. Brasenose College.

Richard Rowland Bloxam, Worcester College.

Henry Gipps, Scholar of Worcester College.

Joel Broadhurst, Wadham College.

Samuel Wright, St. John's College.

Henry Benwell, Merton College.

Charles Barton, Brasenose College.

Thomas Gronov, Brasenose College.

William Grove, Oriel College.

James Chapman, Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 10.

The Rev. John Horseman, B. D. of Corpus Christi college, Oxford, was on the 10th instant admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

On Monday last the Graduates of this university, according to a notice that had been issued, held their second public meeting, with a view to form a Society for Philosophical Communication; when the Rev. W. Farish, B. D. Jacksonian Professor, being called to the chair, Dr. E. D. Clarke brought up the report of the committee appointed to construct the regulations of the society. These regulations were then severally moved by the Chairman, and passed. It was resolved that the Society bear the name of the *Cambridge Philosophical Society*; and that it be instituted for the purpose of promoting scientific enquiries, and of facilitating the communication of facts connected with the advancement of philosophy. This society is to consist of a Patron, a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, two Secretaries, Ordinary and Honorary Member. A council is also appointed, consisting of the above mentioned officers, and seven ordinary members. Immediately after the institution of the society, upwards of one hundred Graduates of the university were admitted as members; and the officers and council for the present year were elected.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 12.

The following gentlemen were on Wednesday last admitted to the undermentioned degrees:

HONORARY MASTERS OF ARTS.

Hon. William Stuart, } St. John's college.
—George Villiers, }

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Thomas Robyns, of Corpus Christi Coll.
H. Wynne Jones, of Emmanuel Coll.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Robert Cobb, of Caius College.
George Augustus Frederick Hart, of Christ Coll.

BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.

William England, of St. John's college.

BACHELOR IN PHYSIC.

Thomas Foster Barcham, Queen's college.

FINE ARTS.

BURNS' MAUSOLEUM AT DUMFRIES.

We observe, from several of the Scottish papers, that this handsome tribute to the memory of Scotland's most original genius, has been completed, by the erection of the sculpture in the tomb, or temple, allotted for it. We are also gratified to see it stated that the monument in its finished form is an object of great admiration. Familiar with the

progress of this work from its commencement, we are not surprised at the sentiments excited by its completion. The design, though small, and limited by the fund subscribed for its execution, is eminently characterised by a tasteful simplicity, a feeling of its nature, and a classical attention to fine proportions, rare, indeed, in architecture, since the days of Greek elegance and exquisite beauty. For such a dwelling, we think, and always thought, the subject of the statuaries appropriately and happily chosen. It is from a passage in Burn's dedication; where he describes the genius of his country finding him at the plough, and throwing her inspiring mantle over him. This has been ably expressed by the artist (Turnerelli); and the very difficult task of naturally representing an aerial figure in solid marble, is chastely and effectively performed. It is in rather high relief, and the poet at his plough, with his face half up-raised to the new divinity, is the only other figure in the model. The whole is simple, and has the great merit of not seeking for accessories in exploded mythology, or allegory more detailed than the bard himself has created.

We ought to add, in justice to the architect, that the building, which is so distinguished an ornament to Dumfries, is by T. F. Hunt, Esq. at whose drawings in the exhibitions at Somerset House, we have often looked with much delight.

Account of the Desert Service, intended as a present from the King of Saxony to his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

Dresden, Oct. 11, 1819.

To day the exhibition of the desert service, made in the Royal Porcelain Manufactory, in Meissen, intended as a present for his Grace the Duke of Wellington, was closed; and these extraordinary and beautiful productions of Saxon industry were packed up in four chests of Morocco, to be sent away. It was an interesting exhibition, and the saloon in which these works of art were to be seen, was crowded with visitors. As there are in Dresden nineteen saloons in the Japanese Palace, which contain porcelain to the value of a million, from all quarters of the globe, and offer the technological observer, in the original forms, in Majolica, and even in Steatite vessels from China, the whole history of the invention of porcelain may be considered upon solid grounds.

The service consists of two large ice-pails, tastefully made in the form of a vase, with allegorical figures on both sides: on one, the god of war is drawn by rams; on the other, Apollo instructed by the Centaur Chiron, after the well-known Herculaneum picture. On the second, Julius Caesar in his triumphant procession, holding the goddess of victory in his hand; and Augustus, drawn by the genius of victory, appears in all his glory. The strictly allegorical representations, painted by Messrs. Schiebel and Wollmann, are admired for the choice of the subjects, and the beauty of the execution.

The fruit-dishes, fruit-baskets, and sugar-boxes of different forms and sizes, amounting to four and twenty pieces, have no paintings, but are richly gilded on a dead-blue ground, and ornamented with the most elegant open work. But the most beautiful sight are a hundred and eight desert plates, ornamented on the borders with an exquisite garland of laurels intertwined with ribbands (or lemmiscus) of the Saxon national colours. Sixty-four of these plates represent the most interesting prospects of Spanish cities, mountains, and sea-ports, from Laborde's Voyage Pittoresque, and several other splendid works and coloured drawings by his Majesty's painter, Mr. Arnold, in Meissen, and six other skilful artists of the Meissen school, executed with the utmost delicacy of colouring. The Moorish monuments of Grenada, the Fernando-Gate at Burgos (a most delightful night-piece), and the views of Saragossa, Talavera, and other places which have become conspicuous in history by Wellington's deeds.

It may be truly said, that landscape and prospect painting have never before produced any thing equal, as the greatest precision in the minutest details in the execution is admirably combined with tasteful composition and distribution of the colours. Four views of the Duke of Wellington's residence in London, towards Hyde Park and towards the Green Park, and his seat in the country, are very fine: they have been taken from the most accurate drawings. On twenty of the plates are painted the most beautiful views of Saxon castles, and the most striking scenery of the banks of the Upper Elbe, among the picturesque rocks and vallies which are called the Saxon Switzerland, painted by Messrs. Nagel, Hottewitsch, Lieschke, &c. with the most perfect correctness.

Four and twenty of the plates were particularly admired, which represented battles and engagements in Spain, where Wellington has gathered laurels, after splendid English works and copper-plates, drawn particularly by Arnold, Scheunert, Böly, Nagel, &c. Groups have been selected from the most celebrated pictures of Wouverman, Bourguignon, and others, in the public picture gallery, and adapted to the subject. Four views of the battle of Talavera are among the finest. The beauty of the tasteful forms, the neatness and accuracy of execution of the whole service, shews that the Meissen Porcelain Manufactory, which, from no fault of the artists, seemed for a long time to decline, has, under the new administration, not only recovered its ancient reputation, but in several particulars (especially in the relative cheapness) even surpassed it.

Besides this desert service, a second royal present was executed for his Grace by the damask manufactory, at Great Schönau, near Zittau, by order of the banker, Mr. Vonder Breling. This was not indeed publicly shown, yet many persons saw it in the banker's house, and admired its tasteful finish, the beautiful selection of the pattern, and the extraordinary size of a set of table

linen, which may be called princely in every respect. It consists of six complete sets of napkins, each for six and twenty persons: to each a table-cloth, twenty ells (an ell is two feet) in length, and six ells in breadth.

Nothing can be more magnificent of the kind than these great damask table cloths. On a ground strewn all over, but not overlaid, with stars, the arms of the Duke of Wellington, with a laurel wreath, and other insignia, shine with the splendor of silver. On both ends, the insignia of war and peace grouped in a picturesque manner. Besides these, there are no other figures, which indeed do not seem to be at all suited to this kind of manufacture, not designed for hangings; an uncommonly elegant Arabesque border runs all round. The beauty of the effect arises from the brilliant pattern, which is a perfect imitation of relief upon a dead ground.

This kind of shadowing has been brought to astonishing perfection in the manufactory of Great Schönau. The orders are always more numerous than can be immediately executed, so that they ought to be given some time before.

The napkins have an Arabesque border round about, and the Wellington arms, as also the insignia of the order of the garter in the middle. The King designs to add to these, other marks of his favour, of which, however, nothing has yet transpired in public.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TUILLERIES.

There is music on the evening breeze,
There is fragrance from the orange trees,
Freshness from graceful fountains playing,
Beauty in groups all various straying,
Love on each lip, smiles in each eye—
It is an hour of revelry.

I am alone in this bright hour;
It boasts for me no charming power:
Foreign to me is the gay sound
Of the light language fluttering round;
Foreign to me that music's tone—
It wakes no memories I have known.

The English eye may beauty find
Amid this scene; the English mind
Find interest in its silent scan
Of the varieties of man;
But the English heart can never be,
France, in sympathy with thee!

Paris, Oct.

[By Correspondents.]

TO MR. YOUNG.

Young! while Melpomene hails thy art sublime,
Let not thy ear disdain the forerun lay,
A bard obscure, to worth like thine would say;
For thee, far other bards should build the rhyme.
To wake the soul by noble strokes of art,
To raise the genius, or to mend the heart,
Whether by Grief or Joy, Despair or Rage,
Thy splendid talents every soul engage.
Foremost in these mellifluous tones conspire
To melt the soul or set the heart on fire;
And thy just action, drawn from nature's laws,
Commands attention, and excites applause.

Correctest taste and judgment they display,
Whilst sober reason shines with steady ray;
And strength of thought, with delicacy join'd,
Give surest proof of an enlighten'd mind.

Still may thy steps the brilliant tract pursue!
To honor's loftiest step thy spirit soar!
Nor let the stage receive * thy last adieu,
Till genius fires and fancy paints no more!
Should genius slumber on the couch of ease,
Or active powers in indolence repose,
Vain were the gifts of heaven ordain'd to please,
To melt the heart, or dissipate its woes.
Not unemploy'd perhaps thy talents lie,
If looks, if converse fill the passing hour;
And rapid days may roll unheeded by,
While calm retirement lulls thee in her bower;
No common fate such talents shall attend,
But fame shall snatch them from their hallow'd
bed,
In one bright wreath their various beauties blend,
And place the laurel crown upon thy head.

J. J. A.

* Alluding to Mr. Young's intention of retiring from the metropolitan boards for a time.

STANZAS.

'Twas silence all—the woodland syrens slept,
The chaste moon frolick'd in the sportive stream,
And not a breeze o'er heaven's fair bosom crept,
Or broke the calm that glow'd beneath its beam.
When from the distant north the deep-voiced storm

Conch'd on the cloud and pillow'd on the blast,
Roll'd restless on—affrighted nature bow'd,
And wildly echoed as the whirlwinds past.
And thus it is with man's eventful hour—
Hope cheers awhile, and joys and pleasures bloom;

Then jealous fates their leagued terrors pour,
And drive the suffering victim to the tomb.

W

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MR. RANDALL, OF THE "HOLE IN THE WALL," CHANCERY LAKE.

Written by desire of several Gentlemen of the
Fancy, by their servant at command,
BOBBY BREAKWIND.

Fryther, sprightly Randall, say,
Now the gloves you've thrown away,
Feel you more at ease than when
You broke the heads and ribs of men?
Or grows your hand more firm and steady,
In handing out the cheering *Deady*?

Once you were the chief delight
Of those who lov'd a bit of fight,
And sought by that *conglomeration* *
To keep alive the *millin* nation:
And though, my Randall, you are cheerful,
Yet all the *fibbing blades* are tearful.

For since you've cut the *tidy thing*,
And cut the *genimen* of the ring,
They clearly see, beyond all doubt,
The *sitting candles* all snuff'd out.
And to their sorrow find, my *right one*,
That you, who 'fore 'twere still the bright one.

So me, my *nonpareil*, they've got,
To shuffle up a pretty lot
Of sweet respects, in proper tense,
Just suited to a man of sense,
To beg that you'll relieve their pain,
By *nothing* in the ring again.

* A word made use of by Mr. Randall, in his examination at Bow Street the other day.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—*Brutus*.—On Friday, the 19th, Brutus was revived from his natural slumber, and with so much violence as to be kept awake for two nights in succession. Being convicted of thin houses, however, as in all other cases of murder, his final execution cannot be deferred beyond the ensuing Monday. In plain terms, we presume, that neither Mr. Kean's Lucius, nor the young gentleman's Titus (who made a debut in that character), will prevail to mitigate its doom, and procure the acting of this tragedy again.* Yet there is great force in two or three of Kean's scenes; great effect in some parts of his performance. But the master-feeling; during all the latter moiety of the play, is the same—paternal affection struggling with circumstances; and he has far too little variety, in manifesting the passion. The compression of the eyes, the knocking upon the breast, the dropping of the lower jaw, the striding along the stage-front, are repeated, till what at first was appropriate and excellent, becomes tedious and offensive. And this we do not mark in direct condemnation, as perhaps no actor could avoid a degree of sameness in this character, but as a general defect in Mr. Kean's dramatic exertions; that having discovered a striking method of illustrating any sentiment by action, he is never guilty of avoiding that particular mode, though its occasion should occur a dozen of times in as many minutes. Now, a shake of the head has much meaning in it; but a constant shaking is a disease called paralysis: a wink is expressive enough (as we all know); but a perpetual shutting of the eyes is blindness. But it is not always that Mr. Kean's action is blameable merely as a repetition of apt-gesticulation. He often shoots far wide of propriety. In Brutus, when he invokes Jove, he points with his finger, and looks to the ground as if Jove was one of the *dii inferni*, or that he was praying to Pluto rather than to his mightier brother. We could detail a multitude of similar inaccuracies, which detract much from the *beau-ideal* of a perfect personification, and must, in the opinion of all true judges of histrionic talent, degrade from the highest rank to a secondary line the actor, however eminent in other respects, who, either from want of discrimination or of study, falls into such errors. A Roman would as soon have thought of gazing on the earth when he addressed Jupiter, as an Englishman would of staring at the sun in "the empyreal" when he was wishing the Devil to take you.

With regard to the new Titus, whose name is stated to be Mudd, we need say very little. It is consoling to hear that his seeking the stage is rather because he wants a pastime than a profession, for it is physically impossible that he should ever find it advantageous as a source of emolument. His features are not of a kind

* In spite of this foreboding, the play has been played again.

destined to pourtray the workings of the soul; at least, at such distance as a performer in a modern theatre is from tenths of the spectators. His action is formal; and his voice a monochord, of which Apollo himself could not make music. Good sense was the utmost praise to which the best of his performance had a claim: the mass was singularly flat and unexciting. There are, however, a large class of players, who are designated by the word "useful," an abominable phrase, for it always imports that the person to whom it is applied is so indifferent as to yield even a favouring critic no prominence upon which to insinuate a compliment. If from the humble aspect of his first appearance, Mr. Mudd, (who not only abjured the venture, aut Caesar aut nullus, but the lesser peril, aut Brutus aut nullus,) aims at a station among this body, we request that our remarks be held as unuttered, and that he be admitted, without cavil, to his diploma. The pertness of Penley's Aruns, the insipidity of Hamblin's Sextus, the inferiority of Barnard's Collatinus, and the nothingness of the rest of the male characters, did not do much to relieve the gloom which, but for Kean's few electrical sparks, enveloped the whole tragedy. Mrs. Glover despaired, and went mad, and died, as well as her *riante physionomie* would let her; and we doubt whether even the fate of Lucretia would have roused Mrs. W. West from the inaneness and lethargy into which she threw poor Tarquinia. Nothing else struck us as worthy of notice, but two German flutes in this lady's procession to the Roman Temple of Fortune. There were no Jews harps!

COVENT GARDEN.—On Friday a clever little piece was produced at this theatre, entitled, *A Short Reign, and a Merry One*. It is, we believe, by Mr. Poole, and one of the numerous importations and adaptations from Paris. The only fault we found in it was its length, belying its half French half English name in the bills, "*petite-comedy*," which, by the by, is a very silly bit of affectation. With some sensible curtailment, we should imagine it would be a rather more lasting favourite, than such things usually are. The story is suitable, and sufficient to sustain the whimsical interest required on similar occasions. To distract attention, and favour the motions of Stanislaus, in his approach to the Polish throne, his favourite is instructed to personate him, and make a tour through some of the French provinces. The sham-king (C. Kemble) visits the castle of an avaricious, and not very wise Lord (Liston), the rival of his own nephew (Abbott), for the hand of a neighbouring Baron's daughter (Miss Foote). By lavish promises of posts in his nebular kingdom, his majesty breaks off this match, and settles the young lovers advantageously at the expense of the old Hanks. He also contrives to promote his own suit with a gay Countess (Mrs. Davison); and in the end, lays down his dignity to espouse her, and enjoy a handsome provision granted by his royal master. In connection with these state affairs, a tolerable part is made out for Blanchard; and his unexaggerated comedy

and Liston's farce, form no small portion of the amusement of the audience. But the acting of Mr. C. Kemble and of Mrs. Davison is also very effective; and especially in a scene where the lady perseveres in ascertaining the identity of her devoted, under his kingly disguise, and he persists in denying himself, is a fine specimen of talent on both sides. Upon the whole, we think this a merry reign, and therefore hope it will not be a short one.

The indifferent interlude of *Helpless Animals* has justified our prediction. There was no help for these creatures, and they are no more.

Miss Stephens returned to her vocation on Saturday, and was greeted with much cordiality.

VARIETIES.

KING ROBERT BRUCE.—Dunfermline, Nov. 12, 1819.—There was found on the 10th instant, among the rubbish around the grave of King Robert Bruce, a copper-plate, four inches wide, and five and 3-8th inches long, having inscribed on it a crown, the letters "Robertus Scottorum Rex," and a cross embracing within the angles four raffles, each with five points. This discovery is most important, being all that was wanting completely to dissipate the doubts that still lurked in the breasts of many, who were not satisfied with the existing historical accounts, that the body, about which so much has been said, was that of the revered assertor of Scottish independence.—(*Edinburgh Paper.*)

The Parisian Journals which espouse the *Liberal*, *Bonapartist*, or *Revolutionary* causes, present a very curious aspect at present. They really appear to be politically mad; and their dramatic critiques, notices of new works, &c. are so infected with party spirit, that instead of entertainment or information on their obvious subject, they disgust their readers with eternal rhodomontades about the liberty of the press, the charter, the negotiations at Carlsbad, and the like. "Every thing in its proper place," is the best advice they could take.

ANECDOTES, SELECTIONS, &c.

Elopement.—A dandy who recently contrived to undergo the fatigue of an excursion to Scotland with an heiress, in the hurry of such affairs took his bride before the Priest in a riding coat. Before proceeding with his brief ceremony, the wag looked attentively at the parties, and said—"But to prevent any mistakes hereafter, tell me without prevarication, if ye are both women in disguise; or if not, which is the man?"

Culmny.—An oriental Caliph had condemned to death a culmnyator, to save whose life a courtier warmly interested himself, and presented a petition to his sovereign accompanied by a compliment of 2000 dinars. But the Caliph rejected his prayer, saying, "Go, and find me a man as culpable as this wretch, who defames innocence, and he shall not only die in his stead, but I will give you 10,000 dinars."

A Reproof.—An actor not long ago, admitted by chance into better company than usual, was rather familiar to a lady, who, offended at his impertinence, said to him very drily, "Mr. * * * I have not time to attend to you just now; but when I go to the theatre, I will see whether you deserve notice or not."

Repatee.—The author of a condemned play, defending it against the sentence it had undergone, observed that the audience did not do it justice, for the scene was laid in Tunis, and to appreciate its merits they ought to have transported themselves thither in imagination, and entered into the genius of the natives. "Certainly," said a friend, I think your piece would have done very well in Africa."

Confession.—A female confessing her sins, among other things, acknowledged that she wore rouge. "For what purpose?" asked the Father. "To make me appear captivating," was the answer. "But does it make you look more beautiful?" "At least, holy confessor, I think it does!" The priest took the penitent out of the confessional into the light, and gazing stedfastly at her, exclaimed, "Madame you may paint without offence, for you are still very ugly."

The beautiful estate of Ermenonville is advertised for sale, and its delightful gardens will probably soon be destroyed by some mercenary speculator. Perhaps, on the return of spring, the isle of poplars will have disappeared, together with the tomb which encloses the ashes of Jean-Jaques:—The plough will trace its furrows in the groves of Julia, and we shall look in vain for the cottage whither Rousseau retired to close his life and his misfortunes. The cause of his death still remains unknown, but almost all the papers of the time concur in stating that it was voluntary.—(*French Paper.*)

The Paris journals are at present engaged in a grammatical dispute. In an article on the *Misanthrope*, the *Quotidienne* quotes the following line, as containing a heresy in language:

Tous deux ils m'ont trouvé et se sont plainte à moi.

Should there be an *s*, or should there not? The *Quotidienne* maintains that the *s* ought to be omitted, that the participle should not be declined, that Molière has committed a barbarism, and that the actors are guilty of a gross blunder in pronouncing the *s*. M. Anger, one of Molière's commentators, asserts that the participle is declinable, and that *plandre* governs the accusative. Madame de Sevigné once said, in a controversy of a similar kind, "If I were obliged to say *Je me suis plaint*, I should fancy I had a beard on my chin."

SAGACITY OF A BEAR.—A bear which had stolen a sheep, being closely pursued by several dogs, promptly resorted to a most ingenious expedient. He tore the sheep in pieces, and threw the dogs one of the hinder legs; and while they were partaking of this repast, had full time to escape. This fact is formally certified, by a game-keeper in Transylvania, where there are a great many

bears. The most remarkable circumstance was, that from that time the dogs would never attack any of these animals, but on the contrary, received them in the most friendly manner, as if they expected a dinner. The owner of the flock was obliged to have the dogs shot, that he might not have those hungry guests always about him.

German Paper.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The manuscript of the tragedy of *Louis IX.*, a new and successful tragedy just brought out at Paris, has been purchased for 4000 francs by a bookseller of Paris. *Iphigénie en Aulide*, never produced so much to its illustrious author; and yet we are told that this is the iron, not the golden age, of poetry!

Three volumes of Karamsin's History of Russia, has been translated from the Russian language into French. To the eleventh century, the materials are principally drawn from the writings of Nestor, a monk of Pechersky. The princess Olga, who introduced Christianity into Muscovy, and all the princes who favoured the priesthood, are consequently the favourites of these annals.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER, 1819.

Thursday, 18 — Thermometer from 37 to 42.

Barometer from 30.22 to 30.27.

Wind N.E. 2.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Friday, 19 — Thermometer from 27 to 38.

Barometer from 30.26 to 30.06.

Wind N.E. 4.—The early part of the morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy.

Saturday, 20 — Thermometer from 22 to 42.

Barometer, from 29.93 to 29.42.

Wind S.W. and S. 1.—Cloudy, with rain and a little snow in the evening.

Sunday, 21 — Thermometer from 31 to 44.

Barometer from 29.31 to 29.52.

Wind W. 1, and N.W. 4.—Generally cloudy. At times in the forenoon clear.

Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Monday, 22 — Thermometer from 27 to 39.

Barometer from 29.72, to 29.73.

Wind N.W. 1.—Generally clear.

Ice 1 of an inch thick.

Tuesday, 23 — Thermometer from 27 to 39.

Barometer from 29.92 to 30.06.

Wind W. b. N. 1, and W. 4.—Generally clear.

Ice 3 of an inch thick.

Wednesday, 24 — Thermometer from 21 to 38.

Barometer from 30.05 to 30.15.

Wind W. b. S. and W. b. N. 4.—Generally clear.

Ice 2 of an inch thick.

On Monday, 29th, at 5 hours, 27 minutes, seconds (clock time), the third Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On the same day, at 6 hours, 37 minutes, 3 seconds (clock time), the first Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Thursday, the 2d of December, at 1 hours, 8 minutes, 30 seconds (clock time), the second Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Long. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS

Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

Mr. West's Exhibition.

THE great Picture of DEATH on the PALE HORSE, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day, from ten till five. C. SMART, Secretary.

Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

MR. BULLOCK has the honour of informing the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that, encouraged by the success of his late undertaking to sell in person the various and valuable contents of his Museum of Natural History, and the Fine Arts, he has commenced the general business of an Auctioneer, and for that purpose fitted up the Egyptian Hall, (late the London Museum), Piccadilly, in a style of great elegance. This extensive edifice now contains by far the largest and most convenient suite of Apartments for general Trade in the Metropolis, and presents a mart for either public or private sale, on a scale which has not heretofore existed. The Premises contain upwards of sixteen hundred feet in length of wall, the whole of which is laid out and arranged for the display of articles on sale in a manner the best suited for the mutual interests of the buyer and seller. The great Apartment, lately occupied by the Museum, is fitted up in a style of corresponding Architecture with the exterior of the building, and is probably the finest Egyptian Chamber in existence; it is sixty feet in length, by forty feet in height. This splendid Apartment will be solely devoted for the exhibition of Natural History, Works of Art, &c. on Private Sale, which will be arranged in the most suitable manner for public inspection.

The situation of the Egyptian Hall, in the centre of the court end of town, and of all the fashionable Promenades, has already given this building greater notoriety and attraction than perhaps any other in the metropolis, and the best arrangements will be made to conduct the business on a scale in the highest degree liberal and respectable.

Mr. Bullock's constant habits of business in his long connexion, during the formation of his late Museum, with the most celebrated scientific characters and collectors of articles of rarity and curiosity all over Europe, will, it is presumed, present an advantage in the highest degree beneficial to the proprietors of works of science and art, who may be disposed to offer them for sale at his new Establishment. No personal exertion on the part of the Proprietor shall be wanting to fulfil the wishes of those who may honour him with their confidence and commands.

The situation and extent of the Premises, and their universal adaptation for general trade of every description, must be obvious to the Public. There cannot be a finer or more established Mart for the disposal either by Private Contract or Public Auction of Pictures, Marbles, Drawings, Books and Engravings, Cameos, Subjects of Natural History and Antiquity, rare Works in Ivory, Japan, &c. &c. China, Cabinet Work and Furniture of every description; in short, every article of either ornament or use, for which any demand can be created.

The Commission on Articles sold by Private Contract is 101. per cent. and at the rate of two and a half per cent. per ann. on all articles not sold, to be estimated on the Proprietor's price, and to be settled previous to the redelivery of the property.

Property of the foregoing description, sold by Auction, is subject to a Commission, of seven and a half per cent. (which includes the Sale Expenses of Advertising, printing Catalogues, &c.) and to two and a half per cent. on the amount bought in, Books and Natural History excepted, which are subject to 101. per cent. commission on the amount sold, when the sale of such property does not amount to 1000l.

Rooms occasionally to be let for the Exhibition of Works of Art, or other Public Purposes.

Patents and new Inventions received for Exhibition.

British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

THE Pictures, &c. intended for Exhibition and sale in the British Gallery, the ensuing season, must be sent there for the inspection of the Committee, on Friday the 14th, and Saturday the 15th of January next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon, and five in the afternoon; after which time no picture, nor other work of art will be received. (By order)

British Gallery, Pall-Mall,

London, Nov. 27, 1819.

JOHN YOUNG,

Keeper.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Just completed,

PYNE'S HISTORY OF THE ROYAL RESIDENCES. This work was commenced under the immediate sanction of Her late Majesty, and is patronised by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. The Historical Part of the Work embraces an Account of the Domestic and Social Habits of the Royal Families of England, and their Household Establishments, with Anecdotes of the most remarkable Persons attached to the Court, from the Norman conquest to the present time; a description of the Pictures in the various Palaces; biographical notices of the Portraits in the Royal Galleries, &c.: illustrated with One Hundred Graphic Representations of the State Apartments, carefully coloured from original drawings by the most eminent artists. In three vols. elephant 4to. price 24 guineas, extra boards; large paper, 36 guineas.

Printed for, and published by, A. Dry, No. 36, Upper Charlotte-Street, Fitzroy-square; and may also be had of Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Co. Paternoster-row; Messrs. Cadell and Davis, Strand; and of the principal Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

N.B. Discount allowed for prompt payment.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XLIII., WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Samuel Rogers, Esq.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for December, will be embellished with a striking Likeness of this distinguished Poet. This Number concludes the present Volume, which is also illustrated with Portraits of Earl Spencer, Mr. Canning, Mr. Jeffery, and Professor Lyell.

On the First of December will be published, handsomely printed, (and complete) in one volume, royal folio, price 3l. 15s. substantially half-bound; proofs on French paper, royal folio, 5l. 10s.; India Proofs, 6l. 15s.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS OF the celebrated

Antiquities of Pola, in Istria. By Thomas Allason, Architect. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, G. Cooke, Henry Moses, and Cosmo Armstrong.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Stothard and Heath's Illustrations of Tales of my Landlord.

On the first of December will be published, THE LADY'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, containing the usual variety of interesting and amusing Articles, and embellished with a highly-finished Engraving, by J. Heath, A. R. A. Historical Engraver to his Majesty and the Prince Regent, from a painting by T. Stothard, Esq. R. A. to illustrate the Trial Scene in the Heart of Midlothian.

The present Number contains the Fourth of a series of Engravings, by Heath, from Paintings by Stothard, to illustrate the Three Series of Tales of my Landlord. The embellishments which will appear in the Magazine for December, and the Supplement (both of which will be published on the 31st of December) will complete the Series of Illustrations.

London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster-row; Rodwell and Martin; and W. Fearman, Library, New Bond-street.

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Printed for H. Hunter, (Successor to Mr. Johnson), 72, St. Paul's Churchyard; Clements and Co. Chapside; Chappell and Co., New Bond Street; C. Wigley, 151, Strand; and J. Green, Music Agent, 33, Soho Square.

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On the 23d of November was published (with the Almanack) embellished with an elegant frontispiece, price 9s. boards,

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Guide to the Almanack; containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities; Notices of obsolete Rites and Customs; Sketches of Comparative Chronology; Astronomical Occurrences in every Month, comprising Remarks on the Phenomena of the Celestial Bodies; and the Naturalist's Diary, explaining the various Appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms: to which is prefixed an Introduction, containing the Outlines of Entomology.

"Time's Telescope is compiled with skill and judgment, and contains much desirable miscellaneous information, particularly on some parts of Natural History. We recommend this work to the attention of our juvenile readers, who will find it an agreeable and instructive companion." *Monthly Review* for November 1816. See also *M. R.* for August, 1817.

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